#### How Much Profit?

It would be interesting to know exactly what the active and zealous Republicans who exerted themselves so much last year to elect Garfield think they made by their investment. But for the efforts of Messrs. Conkling, Logan, Cameron, Dorsey, and their assoceates he would have been overwhelmingly defeated. General Grant threw himself into the breach and filled the chasm by his vast personal prestige. Merchants, bankers, business men, contractors, and clerks gave their money freely to bribe voters and hire repeaters to carry doubtful States by notorious and admitted frauds. Mr. Garfield has been in office a little over two months. He has been President long enough to show his character, to outline his poliey, to let the country know what to expect. Do the men who elected him

teel satisfied with their bargain to-day? We put the question in all seriousness for their consideration, not as a taunt. But for the extraordinary and unwarrantable exertion made to elect Garneld, General Hancock would have been elected by a large majority. He was the spontaneous choice of the American people. Do the men who resorted to unjustifiable if not corrupt means to defeat him feel proud of their work to-day? How much better off are you, Senator Conkling, now that you have got your man in the White House, than you would have been with Hancock there? How much profit is it to the capitalists, and merchants and House instead of Hancock? Has a single interest of the country been promoted by Garfield's election? What has been gained to offset all the cost and corruption of Gartield's election, and atone for the disgrace that he has

brought already? The situation teaches a lesson which good citizens would do well to heed. Before entering into another campaign in which you are asked to sacrifice your convictions and preferences, and give money to be spent in base and corrupt ways, remember Garfield, and see what you are to gain by the sacrifice. - N. Y. Express.

#### The Frandulent Ex-President.

Aside from the infamous means by which Hayes reached the White House, he was a gross personal traud. In answer to the charge that he saved most of his salary, he recently stated that the aggregate to his credit at the end of four years was \$66,000. That statement was false, like others emanating from the same source.

The President may be said to live in public, and the expenditures of the Executive Mansion are an open secret. He receives \$50.000 a year for salary. The White House is lighted, heated, furnished and repaired by appropriations. Attached to it are stables, a kitchen garden, and large conservatories, supported by public money. Secretaries, clerks, stationery, steward, and servants, disguised as "messengers" and "ushers," are regularly voted by Congress.

The public receptions which figure y in court journais and in snobbish correspondence do not cost the President a cent. Maintenance of his household, and such entertainments as he may choose to give, are the only expenditures he incurs. The former is diminished through supplies drawn from the army commissariat at wholesale rates, and the latter under Hayes exceeded in meanness all previous ex-

In addition to these advantages, there is a contingent fund provided for the President, without any real necessity whatever. It was originally inte ded to cover accidental items in the Executive office that could not be stated in the estimates. Mr. Lincoln was allowed \$1,000 for this purpose. The fund was increased for General Grant, in the sweeping extravagance of that time. But Haves wanted more, and he begged for larger appropriations, and got them, as follows: 1877 \$2,500 1879. \$6,000 1878. 6,000 1880. 8,000

was applied to the expenses of the Executive Mansion. Haves received 1877. \$20,000 1879. \$25,000 1878. 25,000 1880. 20,000

A committee recently visited the White House and reported the furniture as old and worn out, and every visitor familiar with its equipment for years knows that the changes have been few and inexi ensive since the departure of large sums is a question to be answered furniture, certainly.

The law fixing the salary of the President does not name a time for its payment. The custom had been to pay at the end of each month. Of course, it could not be properly paid until legally earned. But Hayes demonth, when not a dollar was due to him. The disbursing officer of the this unlawful exaction, and then he changed the date of demand to the fifteenth of each month, when the salary for the entire month was required to be

The disbursing clerk was then compelled to commit a felony twelve times a year, or to be removed from office for refusing to obey an Executive order. The poor dependant yielded, and Hayes gained additional interest on his capital by a trick, for which he was entitled to an indictment for conspiring to violate the law and for abusing his trust for personal profit.

Hayes and his family traveled free over the country, and he utilized the Chief Magistracy to become a dead-head from Maine to California. Avaricious and niggardly, his first thought fire awaits her coming.—Indiana State was to make money out of the office Sentinel.

and to hoard the savings.

Taking all these facts into account, with a knowledge of the parsimony cently a bunch of bananas with ninety

"contingent fund" and the "furniture"

And this is not the worst part of that despicable term of Hayesism. When General Garfield entered the White House on the 4th of March, it was found that the necessary equipment for any ordinary family was wanting. Beyond a decorated and absurd dinner service, purchased at large cost, there was no means of providing for even a few guests until purchases were made. Porcelain, glass, table linen and other household articles had disappeared mysteriously. They are gone, and no-body pretends to know how the house

came to be left "without a napkin." As Hayes has time on his hands, perhaps he may go to Washington and have an inquiry made regarding this delicate matter. Possibly, however, his duties as a member of the Young Men's Christian Association at Fremont, or as a zealous lecturer on temperance, may detain him in Ohio. In that event he can write to Brother Garfield for full information. - N. Y. Sun.

### Samething Singular.

There is something singular, if not suspicious about the abandonment of the search for the author of the Morey letter. The boasted determination of the Republican National Committee, under the injunction of Mr. Garfield, "to hunt the rascal down," has suddenly yielded to a "want of funds." as if the office-holders could not be assessed as readily for the small amount bankers to have Gartield in the White required for the prosecution of the Horse instead of Hancock? Has a sinlected from them for campaign purposes. There would be no trouble at all in raising the necessary sum to carry on the investigation if Mr. Jewell, the Chairman of the Republican National Committee, really meant to prosecute the matter in good faith. The acquittal of Philp, the writer of the article in Truth sustaining the genuineness of the letter, will go far toward convincing the public that the Republican National Committee never had any good ground for pro-nouncing the article a forgery. Not a scintilla of testimony has been produced field to that letter is not in his own proper handwriting. His own assertion to the contrary, made in the midst of a heated campaign and viewed in the requires some kind of repose to aid dilight of his discredited statement in the gestion. Credit Mobilier matter, goes for little. Experts in chirography dider as to whether the signature to the letter is the handwriting of Garneld, but not a few of them, after making careful sons thrust three heavy meals into about microscopic examination, have pronounced the autograph genuine. Still the letter may have been forged. It is due to the public that every effort He thought two good meals, morning should be made by the Committees representing the two great political parties to discover the fact of the matter. at about one o'clock in the day. This The Democratic National Committee circulated copies of the letter believing it to be genuine. The Republican National Committee made capital of to tear around as if the next moment the Democratic Committee's action were to be their last, it is perfectly ridicby denouncing it as the base-t of ulous as the food, instead of digesting crimes. It is certainly the interest of and forming blood, muscle and brain, one, if not both, of these Committees to | would act as a block to those forces of ascertain the truth, and, having ascertamed it, to give it to the public. Some time ago it was reported that Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, of the Democratic National Committee, had proflered Mr. Jewell pecuniary assistance in his efforts to discover the author of the letter. Mr. Barnum would no doubt also lend a helping hand if he did not know that Mr. Jewell has given up the hunt Legally considered, the case now stands against the Republican Committee. Their charge of lorgery is unsupported by proof and they have not indicted nor even indicated the criminal. On the other hand, the editor who libeled Garfield, if the letter was not genuine. has been acquitted on the charge of criminal libel instituted against him. There is a mystery connected with the matter which must be cleared up if public opinion is to settle down finally against the authenticity of the letter .-

#### Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot. Going to Pieces.

The old Republican junk since it has been in command of Captain Gartield Hayes family. Before the era of prodi-gality, the custom was to refurnish the White House generally for an incoming clone, have created big waves. Sev-President. Under R ng rule, in order to eral distinguished Republican under provide jobs for favorites, this practice officials have been washed overboard; became modified, and of late years some have been thrown overboard, "furniture and repairs" are standing while others, knowing the rotten conitems in the appropriations for the dition of the old junk, have abandoned it and are trying to swim ashore. The the following sums for furniture, etc.: days and nights have been cloudy, so servations, and are now unable to tell eration. the latitude and longitude. Chronometer and compass are out of order. The steering gear is defective, and consternation reigns on deck from bowsprit to taffrail. To make things still worse, Garfield is seasick. Blaine is in com-General Grant. What became of these mand, and, as work is inevitable, symptoms of mutiny have been discovered by Hayes. They were not invested in and the forecastle is ripe for treason. James, in rummaging round for leaks, has struck bilge water in vast quantities, and the sickening effluvium makes the Republican junk a great National stink. Windom has also struck nastiness in the junk's money chest, and it is now believed the best thing that can be done manded his salary on the first of each is to scutt e the junk, and Conkling is engaged in that business General Butler is likely to come prominently to the Treasury quietly re nonstrated against front, and if Blaine is not reported disabled, Republicans, Stalwarts and Halfbreeds will be disappointed. The people look on as the old Republican junk settles down into her native slime and mud with wonderful complacency. Whether she goes down bow first, stern first or sidewise, is not material; she carries down nothing but a cargo of practical plundering frauds, villains, perjuries, "S ar-route" and Treasury thieves—and all patriots say. "Let her sink to soundless depths of infamy." The days of Republican tribulation have come, sure enough. Deep-seated, deeprooted, long-nursed villainy is coming to the surface. It is breaking out. The old Republican junk has made her last voyage. She is moving toward warm latitudes where a righteous baptism of

-A gardener of Tama, Fla., cut re-

The Proper Dinner Hour.

A good deal of attention has lately been attracted by a declaration made in a paper devoted to the study of proper food for man that good health could only be secured by taking a hearty meal at midday. The writer went on to say it was better for business men to take than to snatch the hasty lunch that is usual, for the latter proceeding was simply inviting fate. This opinion attracted the attention of some of our morning cotemporaries, who seemed to agree with it. Therefore, a Commercial reporter was sent on a tour among well known of their day's work and consume a spoken to laughed at the theory thus propounded. An eminent physician living in the upper part of the city said the reason why a heavy midday meal would be injurious, while the evening dinner was really healthy, was that business and professional men were generally in such a hurry in the middle of the day that they could not spare time to masticate the food they ate, much less allow it to digest, before rushing again to their work. He had visited restaurants in the lower part of the city between twalve and one o'clock in the day and had seen respectable men grabbing and swallowing food the same as hogs at a trough. This metnod of eating was decidedly un-healthy, and it would be far better if they would merely nibble a hard cracker during the middle of the day, for they would have to masticate that and take a little time over it. It was far healthier, in his opinion, for professional men to dispose of a hearty breakfast, say from seven to eight o'clock in the morning, eat lightly during the middle of the day, then take time to their dinners after their day's labors were over. A dinner at about five or six o'clock, eaten slowly and enjoyed amid pleasant family surroundings; interspersed with cheerful conversation, was more productive to health than all the midday meals which could be thought to show that the signature of Mr. Gar- of. A heavy midday meal would unfit professional men for carrying on any business in the afternoon, as it would make them heavy and sleepy, for nature

Another well-known physician said the system of eating in this country was ten hours, and leave the body without a fresh supply of food for the remaining fourteen hours of the day and night. and evening, would be the proper plan, with perhaps a light lunch of crackers would allow both of the heavy meals to nature-choking up a sewer, as it were.

Other physicians expressed similar opinions, the same ideas being given, only in different phrases and modes of expression .- New York Commercial.

# Our Faithful Servant.

To pass the very important matter of value entirely, the faithfulness and nobility of the horse claim our respect and kind, considerate treatment at our hands. But it is not improbable that with most of us the consideration of value outweighs every other. Let us treat the not foreign to any of us who own horses. At the beginning of the work-life of the horse, most of us commit a serious error. We begin to work our colts too young, or rather begin to work them hard when they are too young. It can-not be expected that a very young ani-mal can as easily perform labor as one that is fully developed. It is very true that the expense of keeping a young horse in idleness, or comparative idleness, is considerable, but the question is, Is it as great as the damage done by working it too early? At four years old that Captain Garfield and his First Mate until it is five or six years old, he will the "chickens go to roost," the tree goes (Blaine) have been unable to take ob- find that he has made money by the op- to roost. The leaves fold together, and

The matter of proper feeding is one larity of feeding. Irregularity of feedbeast, imperfect digestion will soon be the consequence, and an imperfect di-gestion is a good foundation for all kinds Arriving of diseases and a forerunner of permanent disability. No excuse is sufficient to relieve the irregular feeder of the respon-ibility which rests upon him. The horse should be fed at certain times, and nothing should prevent it. If so fed he will do his work easily, will be generally free from ailments, and will remain a good horse, if he was one at the

beginning. Next to regularity is the importance of proper food. Generally the horse is ly stuffs himself with hay, and in such condition the most inexperienced can condition, do not overload its stomach with hay, and see to it that he has plen-

ty of grain. Water regularly also, and provide good, clean water. There is no animal so particular about the quality of the water it drinks as the horse, and while it may be forced to drink impure water, it is an outrage upon the animal's sensitime for a substantial meal at midday tiveness. Nineteen times out of twenty such compulsion is the result of sheer carelessness or downright indolence of those whose business it is to furnish the horse water, and so becomes about as reprehensible as a human act can be.

In addition to all this, have the harness well fitting and comfortable. Many physicians of this city to ascertain a horse is driven to fretfulness through whether it is advisable and healthful for an ill-fitting harness, which, perhaps, a an ill-fitting harness, which, perhaps, a active, pushing men to stop in the midst few minutes' work would make all right. Some harnesses would fret a stone post. hearty meal. The majority of those If careful attention is given to such matters as are here mentioned, the horse will be comfortable, healthy, and willing .- Western Rural.

# A Wife's Devotion to a Worthless Hus-

band. The death in Jersey City of Mrs. Sarah M. Hamilton recalls a touching story of wifely devotion. Mrs. Hamilton was connected with a highly respectable family. She was married to Alexander D. Hamilton, whose family connections were equal to her own. Hamilton associated with politicians, and eight or nine years ago was made Treasurer of Jersey City. He had been in office a trifle less than three years when he fled, and it was discovered that he had stolen \$80,-000 worth of city bonds. He was tracked through the country until he was finally ascertained to be in Mexico. Police Sergeant, now Chief Benjamin Murphy, was sent to that country to capture him. Murphy found that Hamilton had placed himself under the protection of Cortina, who was the leader of a powerful band of outlaws. He declared that his protection would last only so long as Hamilton's money, and he patiently waited in Mexico till the outlaws should turn the fugitive out from among them penniless. He did not have to wait many weeks. Cortina robbed his ward of all he had and then abandoned him. Murphy brought him back to Jersey City. The first person to meet him was his faithful wife. She forgave him the disgrace he had brought upon her and heir children.

When he was arraigned he pleaded guilty. More in response to her entreaties than to any circumstances mitigating his offense, the court leniently imposed a sentence of but three years imprisonment. Mrs. Hamilton went at once to the Governor to seek her husband's pardon. When she found that he could do nothing without the aid of a Court of Pardons, she importuned everybody in her large circle of friends to infighter, and tough in defense of his rights tercede with the members of the court

three men, and yielded a handsome income; but he soon fell back into evil company. Selling out his milk route, he purchased a saloon on Grove street. There he started a variety show of the very lowest character. He practically deserted his wife for the lewd women that performed on his stage or gathered to witness the plays. The police raided the place and arrested him. Mrs. Hamilton sat in court during his trial, acting the part of a faithful wife, notwithstandsubject, therefore, in that light, hoping, however, that the matter of kindness is time Mrs. Hamilton's family and friends saw with anxiety that her health was failing. They begged her to discard the man and leave him to his fate. She turned a deaf ear to them. Several years ago Hamilton disappeared from his home. The faithful woman heard nothing from him, and her death from a broken heart is the reward of her fidelity .- N. Y. Times.

# Queer Proceedings of a Nevada Tree.

A gentleman of this place has a tree which is a species of acacia. It was the colt is not fully developed; it is still grown from a seed brought from Ausin the process of growth, and to exact of tralia. The tree is now a sapling eight it as much as we would of an older horse feet in height, and it is in full foliage would necessarily be detrimental. The and growing rapidly. It is leguminous, animal should be worked lightly, but not and very clearly shows the characteristo extremes, and if the farmer will adopt | tics of the mimosa, or sensitive plant. the plan of favoring the young horse Regularly every evening, about the time the ends of the tender twigs coil themselves up like the tail of a well-condiof great importance in the treatment of tioned pig. After one of the twigs has our farm horses, and yet one that some been stroked or handled, the leaves men appear to regard as exceedingly move uneasily and are in a sort of mild slight. With the vast majority of farm- commotion for a minute or more. All ers there is excellent system in feeding, this was known about the tree, but it because there are regular hours for was only yesterday that it was discovgoing to work and regular hours for ered that the tree had in it much more quitting work. But this is not univer- of life and feeling than it had ever besally true, and if there is one thing more reprehensible than another in the management of farm horses, it is the irregular was fast outgrowing, it was thought best to give it one of much larger size. Yesing ourselves or our animals will soon | terday afternoon the tree was transfershow its results. Whether in man or red to its new quarters. It resented the beast, imperfect digestion will soon be operation of its removal to the best of

Arriving at his residence about the time the tree had been transplanted, the gentleman found the house in a grand commotion. On asking what was up, he was told that they had transplanted the tree according to orders and the operation had "made it very mad." Hardly had it been placed in its new quarters before the leaves began to stand up in all directions like the hair on the tail of an angry cat, and soon the whole plant was in a quiver. This could have been endured, but at the same time it gave given too much bulky food. He literal- out an odor most pungent and sickening -just such a smell as is given off by rattlesnakes and many other kinds of rattlesnakes and many other kinds of snakes in summer when teased. This odor so filled the house and was so sickening that it is an effort for it to move or breathe. The lungs have not room to expand, the detestive apparatus is overloaded and clogged, and the nervous system is naturally affected. Under such circumstances it is positively dangerous to require of the animal any heavy work or a fast pace. One authority states that at least one-half of the diseases to which the horse is liable are caused "by bad food or good food badly administered." In organization of the diseases to what is probably needless to add that the good food badly administered." In organization of the diseases and many other kinds of snakes in summer when teased. This snakes in summer when teased. This source that it was found necessary to open the doors and windows. It was fully an hour before the plant calmed down and folded its leaves in peace. It would probably not have given up the fight even then had it not been that its would probably needless to add that the whole household now stand in not a little awe of the plant as being a thing more animal (or reptile) than vegetable.—

The most almost made up for the disappointment about the camping out.

Still, it was pretty hard to see the boys start without him. Ten days later they returned. The mosquitoes were very thick, they said, and they hadn't caught so many fash as they expected. Joe Bryce had burt his hand with a gun-lock, and Harry Blake would probably not have given up the fight even then had it not been that its whole household now stand in not a little awe of the plant as being a thing more animal (or reptile) than vegetable.—

The mosquitoes were very thick, they said, and they hadn't caught so many fash as they expected. Joe Bryce had burt his had a pretty good time on the whole. Mr. Kane listened to this report with a dry twenty young fellows a 'pretty good 'time,' be said. 'Well, all the fools aren't dead yet. You stick to what you're about, Towpracticed at the White House under Hayes, the best opinion is that he did not expend over \$5,000 a year of his not expend over \$5,000 a year of his about four feet high.

| A construction of the diseases to which the horse is liable are caused "by bad food or good food badly administered." In orapide that figure. The about four feet high.

### Our Young Folks.

ANOTHER RIP VAN WINKLE.

March!" said Spring. Quickly melting, he ice ran away.

And the frost hurried out of the ground, And the leaves, brown and dry, dropped with Autumn's "good-by."

With the wind went a-skurrying round. And from the deep mud in a low, swampy place.

A turtle his long neck thrust out,
And, winking and blinking his funny roun He lazily peered all about.

Then he dragged from the mire—like a snail on his back
He bore it—his box-like abode,
And patiently climbed for an hour or more
Up the bank, till he came to the road.
There an old man he met, who was crooked and gray.

And who walked with a stout oaken cane.

Cried the turtle: "Helio! please tell Ned that I'm here, And am waiting to see him again."

Who's Ned?" asked the man. "Just examine my top
(I suppose you have learned how to spell),
And a name and some figures be carved with his knife
When we parted, you'll find on my shell."
The old man he stooped with a grunt, for he

Decidedly lame in each knee, And he read, "August I, 1339—Ned Mott," And then chuckled, "Good gracious! that's

"You!" the turtle exclaimed. "Why, Ned Mott is a boy
Whose laugh can be heard for a mile;
With hair brown as earth, and with eyes bright as mine—
You! Excuse me, I really must smile."
"I am he." "It can't be." "Yes, it can. Don't you see I am he." "It can't be." "Yes, it can.
Don't you see,
Many years since you saw him have sp ed?"
What's years? I know nothing 'bout years, but I know
That you are not rosy-cheeked Ned.

He's a boy, and he wears a small cap with a And in summer picks berries called whortie.
Oh! the stupidest thing is a stupid old man."
"You mistake, 'tis a stupid old turtle.
I'm Ned Mott." "You are not." "If I'm
not. I'll be shot."
"Then be shot," and he dropped with a
thud,

That sleepy, that ancient, that obstinate tur-Head-foremost back into the mud. Maryaret Eytinge, in Harper's Young People.

### THE MASTER KNEW BEST.

A certain young mastiff being near dog's estate, his master judged best to trim and shorten his ears. This the mast ff thought hard, and complained accordingly. But as he grew older and met dogs of various tempers, he was of en obliged to fight for him-self and his rights: then his short ears gave great advantage, for they furnished no nold to the enemies' teeth, while the long-cared dogs, whom he had formerly envied, came from the fray torn and suffering. "Aha!" said the mastiff, "my master knew better than I what was good for me."—Old Fable.

"But why mustn't 1?" said Towser. Towser was not a dog, as you might sup-pose, but the nickname of a boy. Exactly why his school-fellows should have chosen this nickname for Tom Kane I don't know; in her husband's behalf. She sacrificed health and fortune in her efforts to get him out. A year before his term would have expired he was released from confinement.

Mrs. Hamilton then placed the remnant of her little fortune in his hands, and bade him make a new man of himself. His friends believed that he was on the fair road to redemption, and gave him a lifting hand. He established a milk route that gave employment to the same of him and I never heard that Tom objected to the title, either as man or boy. and opinions. I hardly think it was this last title, either as man or boy. But to return to the time when he was

boy. "Why mustn't I?" he said again. "All the fellows are going except me, and I'd like to, ever so much." like to, ever so much."

"It isn't a question of like,' answered his father, rather grimly. "It's a question of can and can't. All the other boys have rich fathers; or, if not rich, they are not poor like me. It's well enough that their sons should go off on camping parties. Twenty-five dollars here and twenty there isn't reach to any of 'am but it's great to any of 'am but it's a great to any of the state of sons should go off on camping parties. Twenty-five dollars here and twenty there isn't much to any of 'em, but it's a great deal for you. And what's more, Tom, there's this: that if they'd take you for nothing, it isn't a good thing for you, any way you fix it. I pay for your schooling, and I paid for those boxing lessons, and may be, another year, I'll manage the subscription to the boat, for I want you to grow up strong and ready with your fists, and your mind, and all parts of you. You'll have to fight your way, my boy, and I want you to turn out true grit when the tussle comes. But when its a case of camping out a week, or extra holidays, or spending money for circuses and minstrels and such trash, I shut down. You'll be all the better off in the end without this fun and idling and getting your head full of the idea of always having a 'good time.' Work's what you're meant for, and if you don't thank me now for bringing you up tough, you will when you're a man, with, may be, a boy of your own."

Mr. Kane was a silent, gruff, long-headed man, who never wasted words, and this, the longest speech he had ever been known to make, impressed Towser not a little. He did say to himself, in a grumbling tone, "Pretty hard, I think, to be cut off so at every turn," but he said it softly and only once, and before long his face cleared, and, taking his hat, he went to tell the boys that he couldn't join the camping party.

"Well, I say it's a confounded shame!" declared Tom White.

"I call your pa real mean," joined in

declared Tom White. "I call your pa real mean," joined in Archie Berkley. "You'd better not call him anything of "You'd better not call him anything of the kind while I'm around," said Towser, with an angry look in eyes, and Archie shrank and said no more. Tom was vexed and sore enough at heart, but he wasn't going to let any boy speak disrespectfully of his father.

"I say, though," whispered Harry Blake, getting his arm round Tom's neck and leading him away from the others, "I'm real disappointed, old fellow. Couldn't it be managed? I'd lend you half the money."

Harry's mother was a widow, well off, and very indulgent, and he had more pocketmoney at command than any one else in the school.

Towser shook his head.

Towser shook his head.

"No use," he said. "Father don't want me to go, for more reasons than the money. He says I've got to work hard all my life, and I'd better not get into the way of having good times; it'd soften me, and I'd not do so well by and by."

"How horrid!" cried Harry, with a shudder. "I'm glad mother doesn't taik that way."

Harry Blake was fair and tender, with auburn hair, which waved naturally, and a delicate throat as white as a girl's. Tom looked at him with a sort of rough, pitying tenderness.

"I'm glad, 100," he said. "You'd die if you had to rough it much, Harry. I'm tougher, you see. It won't hurt me."

A sturdy satisfiction came with these words that almost made up for the disap-

again and again as time went on, and first this scheme and then that was started for the amusement of the boys. Now it was an excursion to Boston; next, the formation of an amateur rifle company; after that a voyage to the fishing-banks. Every few months something was proposed, which fired Towser's imagination, and made him want to join, but always his father held firm, and he had no share in the frolics. It seemed hard enough, but Mr. Kane was kind as well as strict; he treated his son as if he were already a man, and argued with him from a man's point of view; so, in spite of an occasional outburst or grumble, Towser did not rebel, and his life and ideas gradually molded themselves to his father's wish.

At sixteen, while most of the other boys were fitting for college, Towser left school and went into the great Perrin Iron Works, to learn the business of machine-making. He began at the foot of the ladder; but, being quick-witted and steady, with a natural aptitude for mechanics, he climbed rapidly, and by the time he was twenty was promoted to a foremanship. Harry Blake came home from college soon after, having graduated with the dignity of a "second dispute," as a quizzical friend remarked, and settled at home, to "read law," he said, but in reality to practice the fluie, make water-color sketches, and waste a good deal of time in desultory pursuits of various kinds. He was a sweet-tempered, gantlemmly fellow, not strong in health, and not at all fond of study; and Tom, who overtopped him by a head, and with one muscular arm could manage him like a child, felt for him the tender deference which strength often pays to weakness. It was almost as if Harry had been a girl; but Tom never thought of it in that light.

So matters went on till Towser was twen-

So matters went on till Towser was twenty-one, and beginning to hope for another rise in position, when suddenly a great, black cloud swooped down on the Perrin Iron Works. I don't mean a real cloud, but a cloud of trouble. All the country felt its dark influence. Banks stopped payment, merchants failed, stocks lost their value, no one knew what or whom to trust, and the wheels of industry everywhere were at a stand-still. Among the rest the Perrin Company was forced to suspend work and discharge its hands. Tom was a trusted fellow, and so much in the confidence of his employers as to know for some time beforehand of the change that was coming. He staid to the end, to heip wind up books and put matters in order, and he and Mr. Perrin were the last persons to walk out of the big door.

"Good-by, Tom," said Mr. Perrin. as he turned the key in the heavy lock, and stopped a moment to shake hands. "You've done well by us, and if things are ever so that we So matters went on till Towser was twen-

well by us, and if things are ever so that we can take another start, we'll do well by you

in our turn." They shook bands, and Tom walked away, with a month's wages in his pocket and no particular idea what to do next. Was he down-hearted? Not at all. There was something somewhere that he could do; that, he was sure of; and, although he looked grave, he whistled cheerily enough as he marched

along.
Suddenly turning a corner, he ran upon Harry Blake, walking in a listless, dejected way, which at once caught his attention.
"Hallo—what's up?" inquired Tom.
"Haven't you heard?" replied Harry, in a melancholy voice. "The Tiverton Bank has gone to smash, with most of our money in it?"

"Your money!"
"My mother's. It's the same thing, exactly."
"Was it much? Is the bank gone for good?"

"Sure smash, they say, and seven-eighths of all we have." Tom gave a whistle of dismay. "Well, Harry, what next?" he demand-ed. "Have you thought of anything to

"No. What can I do?" Harry's voice sounded hopeless enough.

What could Harry do? Tom, who had never wasted a night's sleep over his own future, lay awake more than once debating this question. Hard times were hard times to him, as well as to everybody else; but he had a little money laid by, his babits were simple, and to pinch for a while would cost him small'suffering; besides, he could turn his hand to almost anything—but poor Harry? One plan after another suggested itself and was proposed, but each in turn proved a failure. Harry lacked bodily strength for one position, for another he had not the requisite training, still another was unsuited to his taste, and a fourth sounded so 'ungenteel." that his mother would not listen to it. It would break her heart, she said. Tom, himself got a temporary place in a locomotive-shop, which tided him over the crisis and enabled him to lend a helping hand, not to Harry only, but to one or two other old future, lay awake more than once debatin

shop, which tided him over the crisis and enabled him to lend a helping hand, not to Harry only, but to one or two other old comrades whose families had lost everything and were in extremity. But these small aids were not enough. Permanent situations were what was needed. At last Harry obtained a clerkship in a drug-store. He disliked it, and his mother hated it, but nothing better offered, and it is to his credit that he did the work well and diligently, and only relieved his mind by private grumblings to Towser in the evenings.

"I'll tell you what," said Tom one night, after patiently listening to one of these lamentations, "you boys used to think my father strict with me when we were at school together, but I've come to the conclusion that he was a wise man. Where should I be now if I'd grown up soft and easily hurt like you? Giving knocks and taking knocks—that's what a business man's life is, and it's a good thing to be toughened for it. I used to feel hard to my father about it, too, sometimes, but I thank him heartily now," and be held out his brown, strong hand and looked at it curiously and affectionately. Well he might. Those hands were keys to pick Fortune's locks with—only I'm afraid Towser's mind was hardly up to such a notion.

"'You're right,' said Harry, after think-

Towser's mind was hardly up to such a notion.

"You're right," said Harry, after thinking a little, "and your father was right. You're true grit, Towser—up to any work that comes along, and sure to succeed, while I'm as easily knocked down as a girl. I only wish I'd had a wise father, and been raised rough, like you."

Harry had repeated this wish a good many times in the years that have passed since then. Life has gone hardly with him, and business has always been distasteful, but he has kept on steadily, and his position has improved, thanks to Tom's advice and help. Tom himself is a rich man now. He was long since taken in as a partner by the Perrin Company, which re-opened its works the year after the panic, and is doing an immense business. He makes a sharp and energetic manager, but his open-handedness and open-heartedness grow with his growth, and prosperity only furnishes wider opportunity for a wise kindness to those who are less fortunate. His own good fortune he always ascribes to his father's energetic training, and Mr. Kane, who is an elderly man now, likes to nod his head and reply: "I told you so, my boy; I told you so. A habit of honest work is the best luck and the best fortune a man can have."—Sasan Coolidge, in St Nicholas.

—Mrs. Spangles breathlessly said:

"Dear, I will tell you an awful, awful thing. Do you know that Mr. Slowbox cannot take his breakfast in the morning without a cocktail? Now, my Mr. Spangles never does such a thing as that. He would not think of a cocktail. He simply rolls in his bed, looks around the room for his clothes, and says: 'Mary, for the love of the great stars above us, I feel as if I had a cinder in my mouth! Give me a pitcher of water—none of your confounded little goblets, but a bucketful. Hurry.' But you never hear him ask for a cocktail. you never hear him ask for a cocktail. He hastens down to the store without his breakfast."

Kane listened to this report with a dry twinkle in his eyes.

"Two hundred dollars gone in giving twenty young fellows a 'pretty good' time," be said. "Well, all the fools aren't dead yet. You stick to what you're about, Towser, my boy."

And Towser did stick, not only then, but "The Norristown Herald hopes the time is near at hand when a patent corn-sheller, two threshing-machines, a bed-quiit, a dot-race, a soap-peddler and a horse-crot will not make one county agricu tral exhibition.